the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falſt. Well ſaid maſter Scilens.

Scilens And we ſhall be mery, now comes in the ſweete a'th night.

Falſt Health and long life to you maſter Scilens.

Scilens Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to maſter Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Dauy I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might ſee you there Dauy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not maſter Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea ſir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile ſtick by him ſir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there ſpoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falſt. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens Do me right, and dub me Knight, ſamingo: iſt not ſo?

Falſt. Tis ſo.

Silens Iſt ſo, why then ſay an olde man can do ſomewhat.

Dauy And't pleaſe your worſhip, theres one Piſtoll come from the court with newes. *enter Piſtol.*

Falſt. From the Court? let him come in, how now Piſtol?

Piſtol Sir Iohn, God ſaue you.

Falſt. What wind blew you hither Piſtol?

Piſtol Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: ſweete Knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in this Realme.

Silens Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barſon.

Piſto Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, moſt recreant coward, baſe, ſir Iohn, I am thy Piſtol and thy friend, and helter skelter, haue

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

Iohn I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

Piſtol A footre for the world and worldlings baſe, I ſpeake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

Iohn O baſe Aſſirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piſtol Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and ſhall good newes be baffled? then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſtol Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon ſir, if ſir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am ſir vnder the King in ſome authoritie.

Piſtol Vnder which King, Beſonian? ſpeake, or die.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piſtol Harry the fourth, or ſift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Piſt A fowtre for thine office: ſir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I ſpeake the truth: when Piſtol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging ſpaniard.

Falſt What is the old King dead?

Piſtol As nayle in doore, the things I ſpeake are iuſt.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, ſaddle my horſe, M. Robert Shallow, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Piſtol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

Piſtol What? I do bring good newes.

Falſt. Carry maſter Scilens to bed: maſter Shallow, my lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes ſteward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô ſweet Piſtol, away Bardolf, com Piſtol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuiſe ſomething to doe thy ſelfe good, boote, boote maſter Shallow, I know the yong